

## The Intelligencer.

THE GOLDEN IDOL;  
OR,  
The Enchanted Tree.CHAPTER I.  
A GENESEAN.Upon a lonely shore of Tonga-taboo  
jarbo, in the island of Tonga-taboo  
persons are hidden in a dim recess of  
palms.They were father and daughter.  
The former was a plain, simple clergy-  
man of middle age.The latter was a charming girl of seven-  
teen years, scarcely more remarkable for  
her loveliness than for her sterling good  
sense, and a worldly wisdom far in ad-  
vance of her years.As to the wife and mother of this  
couple, she had long been sleeping her  
last sleep in one of the lonely nooks of this  
far Pacific island.Ten years had passed since Mr. Fortes-  
cue had come to the shores of this lovely  
island with the intention of passing his  
days in the labor of converting to Chris-  
tianity the pagan idolaters; but the good  
missionary had, in some unintentional  
way, fallen under the displeasure of the  
ruler of the island, and was now being  
hunted for his life."I am so tired, father," panted the girl,  
as she clasped her hand tightly to her  
breast, "I cannot go on.""We ought not to have run so fast," re-  
sponded Mr. Fortescue. "But I am sure  
the savages were near us.""Hush! here they are!" breathed the  
girl.A rush of footsteps was heard; and a  
moment later several savages came flying  
past, rendering the air very dark."I think we have gone in the direc-  
tion," whispered the missionary. "Oh,  
if they only know how near we still are  
to the settlement!""Will they not soon be back this way,  
father?" asked Miss Fortescue."I dare say they will. Ah! here  
comes another band of them."A dozen armed warriors traversed the  
sandy beach immediately in front of the  
hiding place of the couple."How terrible they are! how lost to all  
pity!""Alas! for the poor results of all my  
toils!" sighed Mr. Fortescue. "To see  
these savage pursuers, and hear their  
yells, one would imagine the sacred  
islands made on their account. All  
these benefits they have received from  
us are forgotten. They are determined to  
kill us if they can find us."At this point Ellice started violently,  
half-alarmed to her feet.

"Oh, look, father!" she cried.

This was all she could say, but she  
pointed far away, the direction from  
which the fugitives had come."I see," murmured Mr. Fortescue.  
"They have fired our dwelling!"A wild flame arose in the air in the dis-  
tance."It is hard to see our home perishing,"  
sighed the daughter. "What demons they  
are!"She started again, even more violently  
than before, at the time at the barking of  
a dog within ten feet of her."The cur will certainly betray us,"  
cried the missionary, springing to his feet.  
"He has betrayed us already," returned  
Ellice. "See! they are coming!"In the last moment at his residence, Mr.  
Fortescue had seized an old sword he  
had taken from his premises, and this  
weapon now hovered him, he being able  
to cleave the dog in twain with a single  
desperate blow."Had we better not plunge into the in-  
terior, father?" asked Ellice."I think not. It is there that they are  
looking for us. They are beating up every  
bush, and—yes! they are certainly com-  
ing to us. See! they have torches  
Oh, this is horrible!""Perhaps we had better throw ourselves  
into a boat, and trust ourselves to the  
winds and waves.""I would have done so, darling, but for  
the roughness of the sea.""It is all up with our halt here," said the  
missionary, turning back. "We must fly.  
The dog has betrayed us. The savages are  
hastening in this direction."Breaking from their covert, hand in  
hand, the father and daughter ran along  
the beach and gained a temporary shelter  
behind a small ledge of rocks which jut-  
ted out into the sea in the form of a small  
promontory."If only had a boat now!" sighed  
the father, "possibly we could get off  
in it."Ere Ellice could reply, a solitary savage  
came bounding from the bushes, brandish-  
ing his war club."Alas! alas!" mourned Mr. Fortescue.  
He had realized only too well the im-  
possibility of the peril—the utter futility  
of all his efforts at escape—but he met the  
foremost savage with the strength of de-  
spair, cleaving him in twain nearly as  
cleverly as he had dispatched the dog  
which had discovered the whereabouts of  
the couple; but then came the sharp, loud  
report of a musket—and the good mis-  
sionary lay weltering in his blood, with a  
bullet through his vital."An almighty God!" cried Ellice, "I cannot go on."  
"Not even to the boat, father?""Alas, it is to late!" faltered the dying  
missionary, as everything reeled around him."To Thee, O God, I commend her!"  
These were the last words of the devo-  
ted missionary. As he uttered them, he  
tumbled back to the boat, but he succeeded  
with his last desperate efforts in reaching,  
and in that same instant his senses left  
him forever."Oh, demons!" cried Ellice, still wield-  
ing her sword with the strength of de-  
spair.By the last desperate effort of her ex-  
hausted powers the brave girl succeeded  
in pushing off the boat and in breaking  
clear of the pursuers with her.

A FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

At the same hour when the preceding  
events were occurring, a large two-masted  
schooner was standing on and off the  
Eastern Passage of Tonga-taboo harbor,  
waiting to enter the port and come to  
anchor.Upon the stern of this schooner, lean-  
ing against the bulwarks, stood a fresh-  
looking and rosy-faced youth of eighteen  
or nineteen years, who was looking  
dreamily through the night in the direc-  
tion of the distant land. And near this  
youth stood the skipper of the schooner,  
whose gaze had long been fixed in the  
same direction."Did I understand you to say, Denny  
Breeze, that you expect to find old acquan-  
tances upon this island?" asked the  
commander, breaking a long and attentive  
silence."Yes, Captain Morrison," replied Denny  
Breeze, drawing nearer to his commander,  
and to speak with more of the freedom  
of confidence. "I refer to the Reverend  
Mr. Fortescue, and his daughter."

"They are old acquaintances, then?"

"Yes, sir. They used to live in the  
village where I was born, and their house  
was always to me like a second home—the  
only home I have had, in fact, since  
the death of my mother."And the strange disappearance of your  
father, you should have said," said Cap-  
tain Morrison, gravely, as he patted the youth  
affectionately upon the shoulder. "It is  
the strangest thing in creation whatever  
became of your father, boy. And yet, in  
another sense, there was nothing strange  
about it. It was simply another case of  
'Lost at sea.' How many a father hasended to all earthly ken with such brief  
announcement. But what is it that is  
going on ashore to the westward of us?  
he added, as a vast light illuminated the  
horizon in that quarter. "Looks like a  
house afire.""Yes, it is," assented Denny.  
"And it is a house afire," affirmed Cap-  
tain Morrison, after a long look through his  
glass. "And it's curious that none of the  
savages who are running about make the  
least effort to put it out. And now that I  
look again, it seems to me that the burn-  
ing house is exactly in the direction of the  
one Mr. Fortescue occupied."Denny Breeze turned pale at this sug-  
gestion.

"Oh, I hope not, sir!" he exclaimed.

"It would be horrible if Ellice Fortes-  
cue should be in such trouble," said Den-  
ny, after a long look shoreward. "There  
seems to be a great deal of jumping and  
dancing in the neighborhood of that fire,  
and not a soul doing anything as I can see  
towards putting it out.""Gues, to be below now," said a bit  
officer, Mr. Breeze, said Capt. Morrison  
to his second mate. "Call me if any-  
thing happens."And with this the commander with-  
drew.He had scarcely gone when Mr. Bun-  
cle, the second mate, approached one of  
the seamen under his charge, and said:  
"Now is your chance, Bill. If you'll  
call Tom and the rest forward, we'll soon  
arrive at some conclusion. My opinion is  
that we had better give the old bug the  
slip to-night.""But the cap'n thinks as how the sav-  
ages may be at this blessed minute a kill-  
ing of the missionaries on the island," re-  
monstrated Bill energetically."I think we had better see Tom and the  
rest, and make our escape immediately in  
the long-boat while the old man is  
asleep."

"Good! Let's move at once."

Half hidden by sundry hampers at the  
foot of the main-bulwarks, Denny Breeze  
had listened to every word of this con-  
versation."A general desertion, eh?" said Denny  
to himself, as he saw the perilous  
second mate becoming the centre of a lit-  
tle knot of eager men forward. "This  
thing won't work my fine fellow!"He lost no time in entering the cabin  
and proceeding directly to the command-  
er's stateroom. The old sea-dog was just  
in the act of "turning in.""Why, what is all this, Denny?" he  
cried, on seeing the second mate."Perhaps I have reason to be. Mr.  
Buncler and a good share of the men are  
hatching up a plot to leave the schooner  
in the long-boat and make the island!"

"What! to-night?"

"Yes, sir—to-night. 'Now is our time,'  
they say, 'while the old man is sleep-  
ing.'"The commander slipped noiselessly  
from the cabin, and soon his voice was  
heard upon the forecastle. The truth  
was, he had waited unseen and silent  
until the conspirators were about to re-  
sort to the measure of getting out of the  
long-boat, and then he had fallen upon  
them with all the stern authority of his  
position and the still sterner authority of  
his character.The next minutes only the dead listless,  
and then the commander slipped back to the  
cabin."I yielded them," he muttered, as he  
rubbed his hands gleefully together. "I  
waited till they were getting out the boat,  
and then I went for them. You can  
imagine how Buncler is cut up. Mr.  
Skill is now in charge of things. Here,  
steward!"The steward immediately responded to  
the call."Make me my usual favorite punch,"  
added the commander, "and let us have  
it while it is hot!"The steward bowed understandingly,  
and set about obeying the order.After remaining alone in the cabin an  
hour or two, musing intently upon all  
he had seen in the direction of the island,  
Denny Breeze again took his way to the  
deck, which seemed to him singularly  
dark and deserted.The wind had freshened notably. A  
chopping sea had arisen, and the vessel  
was laboring more than she had done for  
several days preceding. The heavens  
were nearly obscured by a mist of im-  
pending rain."Is it you, Pete?" asked a voice, as  
Denny emerged from the cabin.

Pete was the colored steward.

"No, it is me—the passenger, Mr. Breeze,"  
answered Denny."Oh, is you, eh?" said the voice, which  
was now recognized as that of Mr. Bun-  
cler. "All right, sir. I thought it was Pete."Advancing upon the deck, Denny  
Breeze continued to look around him,  
waiting for the schooner to tack forward  
again."A rough night, Mr. Breeze?" said the  
mate.

"Yes, sir, quite rough," he responded.

"Do you know where the cap'n is?"  
was the next question of Buncler.

"Abed and asleep, sir."

"Do you know how sleepy he is? But  
of course you don't, and so I will tell you:  
he is as sleepy as a good dose of medicine  
can make him.""Do you mean to say he has been drugged?"  
asked Denny."That's just what I mean to say. A  
good dose of medicine was put in the  
punch Pete made just before the old man  
turned in."It was easy enough for Denny to see, by  
this time, that something wrong was tak-  
ing place—that at the very least, the vil-  
lany he had interrupted was gathering  
head again."I know not why you tell me this," said  
Denny. "But I will know it myself in a  
moment. I'll turn toward the cabin.""Softly! One moment!" said Buncler,  
advancing nearer. "I want to see a  
word further with you, my young gentle-  
man."

"Say on, then?"

"What I have to say is this," said Bun-  
cler. "Did you not tell Capt. Morrison  
that I, and Tom and Bill, and some others  
of the crew, were about to run away in  
the long-boat?"Denny was not pleased with the situ-  
ation, especially as several of the intended  
runaways had gathered about him, but  
he was a soul inaccessible to fear, and he  
responded:"Yes, I told Captain Morrison of your  
intended flight. What of it?""You shall soon see, my young bantam,"  
said Buncler, with suppressed passion.  
"The long-boat is in the water, duly  
pulled out and stored, and we are ready to  
push off in her.""But Mr. Skill!" cried Denny, looking  
around excitedly. "Where is Mr. Skill?"He referred to the executive, in whose  
charge Capt. Morrison had left the vessel.  
"Mr. Skill is bound hand and foot and  
gagged in the forecastle, as are several of  
the men who took part with him," de-  
clared Buncler, with brutal insolence.  
Denny Breeze, at these words, bounded  
toward the cabin, shouting:

"Where villainy, Capt. Morrison! Help!

clothes, in such a sea as was running, was  
impossible.How, then, did Denny escape?  
By the veriest accident in the world.At the moment he was lifted from the  
deck, preliminary to his being hurried over-  
board, his feet caught in a portion of  
the hamper to which reference has been  
made. One of his legs, in fact, became  
entangled in the coils of a sheet, in such a  
way as to hold him fast.Upon reaching the water, therefore, he  
was by no means clear of the schooner, as  
his enemies supposed. To the contrary,  
he remained attached to the vessel by a  
rope more than an inch in diameter, and  
perceived that he was being towed gently,  
through the water alongside, keeping pace  
with the schooner.The long-boat was already in the water.  
The schooner had been left under such  
easy sail, with a view to this desertion,  
that her progress through the water was  
scarcely perceptible."I think there's something about this,"  
said Buncler, who had been chosen to  
stand next to Buncler in charge of the ex-  
pedition."I know there is, specie about," said  
Buncler, reflectively. "But where the  
specie is stored is beyond my knowledge.""Pete, ought to know all about that  
point," suggested Buncler. "Since he is  
always in the cabin.""I think there's something about this,"  
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always in the cabin.""I think there's something about this,"  
said Buncler, reflectively. "But where the  
specie is stored is beyond my knowledge."the little heeded, in that awful hour,  
this additional peril."Oh, father, speak to me!" she cried,  
sustaining the pallid face of the dead mis-  
sionary, and the vessel was hurrying on  
its way, the darkness succeeding this ap-  
peal was terribly significant, as was also the  
very earnestness of the lifeless form.

"He is dead!" she gasped.

Hovering over the edge of the boat, and  
heedless alike of the cries of the savages or  
of the missiles they were discharging at  
her, the poor girl placed her hand upon  
the heart of the missionary.It is indeed a sad fate to die in the  
arms of a father, and the girl was weep-  
ing as she placed her hand upon the heart  
of the missionary."And I may as well die, too!" was the  
cry of anguish that swelled to Ellice's lips,  
as she gazed at the heart of the missionary,  
and let her father's body sink in the sea, to  
keep it from falling into the hands of the  
cannibals. "Of what further use is my  
life, even if I could make my escape from  
these murderous enemies? It matters  
little what becomes of me now," said El-  
lice to herself, as she swam shoreward.

"They can do what they will."

The next instant she was seized by the  
hair of her head by the foremost of her  
pursuers, and dragged rudely out of the  
water and thrust into the bottom of a  
boat."The missionary?" cried this savage,  
looking eagerly upward upon the surface  
of the water.The girl pointed downward, with a  
manner sufficiently indicative of her be-  
lief that the body of her father was going  
down thousands of feet, to the midst of  
coral reefs, beyond all decay, beyond all  
life, there to await the resurrection.The savage uttered a howl of anger and  
regret, which attested that the timely  
escape of the girl for the remains of her father  
had not been unfounded."Never mind—your will do as well,"  
grunted the savage, significantly.These were the last words the unfortu-  
nate wretch ever uttered, a blow at that  
instant from the club of a native, who had  
arrived in a second boat, having knocked  
him overboard, and left him senseless, to  
meet a certain death upon the island."You are my prize, lovely flower of a  
hated race!" muttered the new-comer, as  
he transferred the girl to his own boat,  
leaving that of his murdered rival to drift  
away upon the water. "You know me,  
do you not? I am Tongororo!"Ellice recognized her captor now, and  
she was not displeased with the substitu-  
tion, and then the sheet which had re-  
sisted Denny's such timely service, was  
slowly drawn up until he found himself  
able to grasp the bulwarks."That'll do," he called. "I'm all right  
now. Where is Mr. Skill?""Coming to himself, sir, but not yet  
able to move," answered Ellice. "He was  
black in the face when we rescued him.""Only four of us, excepting you and the  
cap'n.""You had better take the light from  
your rigger," suggested Denny. "There  
is little danger of our falling foul of an-  
other ship in these waters, and it will be  
well to put out of the power of Bun-  
cler and his gang to board us.""Let us hope that no chance will throw  
us into their power," said Denny, as care-  
lessly as if no peril had ever assailed him.  
"For my part, I don't care to be towed  
alongside by one leg again.""We'll stand in toward the harbor,"  
said Capt. Morrison, who was now quiet  
himself again, with the exception of a  
few words. "Doubtless our run-  
aways have made the island in safety.  
They would not mind taking the risk of a  
landing in the darkness in such a boat as  
they had.""I see nothing of any ship in port," re-  
marked Capt. Morrison to our hero, as  
they passed the deck together."No, no! I have seen a boat, at least  
within the range of our vision.""We shall have to be very careful  
about our movements," said the com-  
mander.The schooner had advanced several  
miles into the Passage, when Capt. Mor-  
rison became convinced that the dwelling  
which had been destroyed the previous  
evening, was none other than the  
missionary's."It may have been burned by accident,"  
suggested Denny, with keen glances  
through a glass at the distant ruins."It may, indeed," assented the com-  
mander; "but I fear to the contrary. I  
don't like the looks of things. The tan-  
ny-rascals are not acting as usual. There  
is something wrong with them. I shall  
send a landward vessel to the ship-  
yard, or at least a stout trader should  
arrive here—within twenty-four hours.  
In fact, I'll go out immediately, and give  
them a wide berth until further light is  
thrown upon them.""He had just given the order to go  
about, when a cry of startled surprise  
arose from nearly every soul on the vessel.""Look!" cried Denny, pointing toward  
one of the outlying islands which define  
the northern limits of the Passage, "yon-  
der is the long-boat."

This was indeed the case.

"She is pushing out to intercept us!"  
cried Captain Morrison."All right, sir. This is awkward," de-  
clared Mr. Skill. "In is awkward.""The villain!" exclaimed Captain Mor-  
rison sternly. "They have not found  
the natives quite so pleasant to deal with  
as they imagined, and now they wish to  
come back to the schooner.""You will not let them come aboard,  
sir," demanded Mr. Skill."No, sir. After what they have done,  
they would not hesitate a moment to kill  
us all and take possession of the schooner.  
That's probably the very course they in-  
tend to take. It only remains for us to  
fight them," muttered Captain Morrison.  
"We may as well be getting our tools to-  
gether."The preparations for defense were  
soon completed when the long-boat was  
within hailing distance, continuing to  
advance rapidly."Sheer off there, you villains!" called  
Capt.